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Interview

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Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

"You're really well dressed for a job interview with Satan, don't you think?"

"As opposed to what, exactly?"

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



My nana fiddled with my blouse, probably attempting to make my pentagram necklace more noticeable. "I don't know. Something more...you?"

"Nana, I'm not wearing a band t-shirt to meet *Satan*."

She huffed. "I just think that a little personality will get you a long way with a guy like him."

I took her hands into my own, admiring the scars and wrinkles from thousands of slaughtered goats and midnight hymns to the moon. She was a practical fossil. "I understand, Nana. But don't worry about me, okay?"

"Fine. Sandy. Just be careful out there. And remember"

Having dropped her hands, think See more of Story Wars practically out the door. "Yes?"

"Go to hell!"

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"Thanks Nana. I think I know my way there by now."

Chapter 3 by Elden



I walked to the local bridge, and jumped. It's a one way ticket. Waking up, (rather, dying) was a pleasant experience.

Brushing off the ashes of dead people on my skirt, I trotted along, just following the sound of moaning and screaming. It sounded like that song my nana once listened to. It was called Black Valor or something like that.

A dead woman walked (rather, floated) to me, and started in front of me. I took out my necklace, and showed it to her, and then, in the most respectful way, she crawled away, doing it somewhere else.

"Yeesh, women these days."

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